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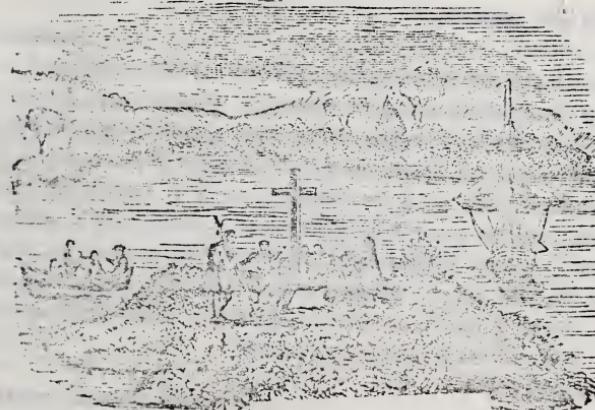


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READ, WILLIAM GEORGE.
ORATION, DELIVERED AT THE
FIRST COMMEMORATION OF . . .

ORATION,
DELIVERED AT THE
FIRST COMMEMORATION
OF THE
LANDING
OF THE
PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND,

CELEBRATED MAY 10th, 1842,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Philodemic Society of Georgetown College,
BY
WILLIAM GEORGE READ,
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.



"The Glory of children

. xvii.

B A I

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ST. MARY'S, Md., May 10th, 1842.

Sir:

In expressing our own and the grateful sentiments of the body we represent, we congratulate you cordially upon the entire success of your exertions to-day, and respectfully request a copy of your address for publication.

Yours, truly and sincerely,

JAMES H. BEVANS,
JOSEPH JOHNSON, }
THOMAS J. SEMMES, } Committee P. S.

WILLIAM G. READ, Esq.

BALTIMORE, May 11th, 1842.

Gentlemen:

I avail myself of the first calm moment, after the delicious excitement of yesterday, to acknowledge your most acceptable expression of approbation, of my effort to give utterance to those noble sentiments of veneration for the founders of Maryland, in exciting which your society has so generously taken the lead. My address is at your disposal, and I can only regret that it was not worthier of the occasion. Permit me, here, to renew the assurances of my gratitude, for the many kind attentions I have received from you individually and collectively, and which have forever associated in my mind the most pleasing personal recollections with the proud privilege of calling myself a Philodemic.

Yours, very respectfully and sincerely,

WILLIAM G. READ.

MESSRS. JAMES H. BEVAN,
JOSEPH JOHNSON, }
THOMAS J. SEMMES, } Committee P. S.

ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE

FIRST COMMEMORATION

OF THE

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND.

WHEN the Hero of the *Aeneid* invoked the Delian oracle, to direct the wanderings of that faithful band, who had followed his fortunes from the flames of Troy, he received—while the mountain quaked and the laurels trembled around him—the mysterious response, “*Seek out your ancient mother!*”

We are here to-day, my friends, in accordance with a similar mandate, though promulgated under different circumstances. It came not to destitute exiles, but the happy occupants of long established homes. It breathed not the hopes and fears of wild and uncertain adventure—but the gentler emotions of gratitude and love. It claimed not religious obedience, though emanating from the sacred seat of piety and learning; but was enforced by that sublime and universal instinct, which prompts mankind, in every variety of their mortal condition, to resort to the graves of the great and good, and the scenes of their earthly probation and achievements—which leads the pilgrim to the sainted shrine, or the hallowed dust of the amphitheatre—the patriot to the fields of his country’s glory—the scholar to haunts familiar to departed genius—and the savage to those forest-grown mounds where sleep the bones of his fathers: and therefore have we left the walks of business, and our domestic altars, and come with flaunting banner, and “sonorous metal,” to exchange congratulations on the spot where the foundations of our State were laid, and offer grateful orisons together where the first temple to “the Giver of all good” was erected in Maryland.

But why are we so late in the proud ceremonia! of this day? why so far behind our brethren of Massachusetts, in testifying veneration for the founders of a time-honored community? Why is the rock of Plymouth classic ground, consecrated by annual outpourings of the mind and heart of cis-atlantic Attica, while old St. Mary's and St. Inigo's, the primal seats of civil and religious liberty, are known but to an occasional wanderer? What has made the Mayflower, the Argo of American story, while the Ark and the Dove, that bore the mysteries of Religion, and the olive branch of peace, to a benighted people who as yet knew the pale face only by his wrongs, (A) have perished uncelebrated and unsung, till their very names have faded from the knowledge of more than half our people? I will not enforce the humiliating answer. Rather let me enter on the honorable task, so undeservedly committed to me, by announcing to the world our deep and universal resolve, that, now the attention of Maryland has been roused to the discharge of this sacred obligation, no future neglect shall accumulate her reproach!—But we are here at last at the home of the pilgrims! We press the soil where they knelt in gratitude for deliverance from the stormy deep. We breathe the air on which their prayers ascended, "like incense" towards heaven. We look round, with pleased curiosity, on the region that attracted their wondering gaze. How changed are many features of the scene! Those majestic trees we read of, under which the proudest equipages of European luxury might have rolled as on a bowling green, have fallen before the woodman's axe, and the wild exuberance of primeval vegetation has departed like the dews of the morning. The huts of Yaocomico are gone, with the gentle race that occupied them. But the soil is here enduring, we trust, as the everlasting hills: and there flows the river, in its tranquil course to mingle with old Potomac, no unapt emblem of the peaceful generations that have passed from hence to the ocean of Eternity. Have they passed, like those gliding waters, and left no trace behind them? are those crumbling relics of their dwellings we have seen in our little pilgrimage across yonder beautiful plain, this gnarled and knotty mulberry "which wreathes its old fantastic" branches over us, these

swelling turfs and sunken graves, these mouldering stones that mark their sleeping place, their only memorials? No, my friends, they have other prouder and more enduring monuments. These gorgeous banners, this bright array of happy faces, this wide spread and flourishing community are their monuments!—This equal friendly liberty, in which we have met without distinction of creed or party, to unite as one people to do honor to their memories, is their monument; may it be perpetual! Let us go back to the days of which they remind us, and endeavor to retrace, however imperfectly, the events which occurred here two centuries ago.

The motives, that prompted the early settlers of the New World, were as various as its natural features, or the diversities of its soil. As the proudest states of Europe, from the Holy Roman Empire itself down to the last independent jurisdiction, carved by the barbarian sword from its mutilated grandeur, can boast no nobler origin than successful rapine—so many of the first adventurers to America, came attracted by the hopes of plunder, prepared alike for spoliation of the civilized man, or the savage—pirates on the ocean and kidnappers on land. Others animated by a better regulated selfishness were allured by the prospect of lucrative traffic, or the rewards of enterprising industry; some who sickened under the artificial system of European society, indulged in dreams of Arcadian simplicity, under the sheltering security of our untamed forest; and some sought citadels for their own sectarian exclusiveness. To Maryland alone, of these confederated states, belongs the enviable distinction of having been founded by the most consistent votaries of religious liberty whose political action the world had at that day seen. George Calvert, from whose comprehensive mind and generous heart she derives the larger share of her happiness and glory, was one of the gifted few whom Providence raises up, at intervals, for mighty purposes. Behold his honored effigy, borne in grateful triumph by a faithful brotherhood, who, in the pleasant home his foresight provided them, have adopted, as the type of their benevolence, his clear and venerable name!*

* The Calvert Beneficial Society of Baltimore.

This character presents, in rarest combination, the hero, the scholar, the statesman, and the christian. Earnest in temperament, as is evinced by the grandeur of his plans, and the indomitable perseverance he displayed in their execution; capable of those sacrifices for principle, which win esteem and commendation, from all but the base, even among our opponents; regardless of private emolument, while toiling for the glory of his country, and the good of his fellow men; decided in his convictions but holding off from party; exact and methodical in business, and eminent in that noblest discipline of wisdom, which in "Washington consulted much, reflected much,—resolved slowly,—resolved surely,"* he has left a kindred fame to His who, a century and a half afterwards, set an indelible impress on the hearts of his countrymen and the destinies of the human race. (b) Descended from the ancient and noble house of Calvert in the Earldom of Flanders, and accomplished in the learning of Oxford, he attracted at an early age the attention of the celebrated Sir Robert Cecil, whose confidence was the pledge of fame and fortune, as it was of transcendant ability in the rising statesman. Favored by this consummate politician, Calvert passed through the important employments of his private secretary, and clerk to the privy council, to the high and responsible station of Secretary of State. His sovereign's blade had already "laid knighthood on his shoulder":† and the admiration of the constituency, first of his native county, and subsequently of his "alma mater," advanced him to the honorable duties of the Parliament; and a political career gilded by the smiles of an indolent, profuse‡ and trusting king, lay in brilliant prospect before him. But the brightest track of earthly glory, no less than the hidden walk of the humble and obscure, leads but along the verge of Eternity: and Calvert, as with swelling heart and nervous limb he scaled its dazzling heights, looked thoughtfully over the abyss!—A mind like his, so far reaching and sincere, could not remain indifferent to the vital

* Hamilton.

† Sept. 29th, 1617.

‡ In 1620 James gave him a pension of £1,000 per ann. equal to five or six times that amount now; this he resigned on his conversion.

controversy that had shaken Europe to its centre, and still employed the ablest intellects of Christendom. The awful conviction burst into his soul, that Religion is the worship of God, in the mode that he has pointed out; and that diversity of creed involves diversity of Religion. He saw the professors of the tenets in which himself had been educated disagreeing among themselves, and he thought, that He who had marched before the depositaries of his foreshadowing covenants, in the pillar of cloud and fire, would not have left his Church, in the fulness of time, to wander in doubt and uncertainty! Signally qualified by education for consulting the historians of the primitive Church, whose venerable records have, through neglect of classical learning, become sealed volumes to most of us, he saw that great mysterious body, in every age and every land of Christendom, however remote from each other in point of time, or separated by distance, by difficulty of access, by diversity of language, manners, customs, laws, or interests, still linked together in the golden chain of religious unity, stretching up through the night of ages to the very days of the apostles! Enabled by proximity to estimate with accuracy the conduct and motives of individuals, whom distance often robes in deceptive hues, he saw the most prominent supporters of "the new learning" in England, "waxed mighty and of power by the confiscation, spoil and ruin of the houses of noble and ancient men," and of those magnificent endowments of early piety which, dispensing with the school tax and the poor laws, supplied the cravings of the soul that hungered after knowledge, in the library of the convent, and distributed food to the beggar at the gate! (c)

Initiated, by his connexion with the government, into the mysteries of that policy which was known abroad only by its effects, he saw a portion of his countrymen persecuted for their conscientious adherence to a faith, which, planted in the "sceptred isle," perhaps by Paul, was found unchanged by Austin, when, at the command of the great Gregory, he went forth to convert the *Angle* to the *angel*, to reclaim from the wrath of God, through the blood of Jesus, its heathen conqueror—"deep blooming, strong, and yellow haired, the blue-eyed Saxon;" and

which had remained unaltered by the violence of human will, or the caprice of human ingenuity, from the times of Ethelbert and Bertha, till its unyielding morality set bounds to the impetuous Henry. He saw them suffer for their adherence to a church, whose pontiffs had, for sixteen centuries, secure amid the rise and fall of earthly empire, extended over Christendom their benignant sway; in Jesus Christ begetting nations unto life, guarding the integrity of doctrine, regulating discipline, animating and controlling the clergy, edifying the body of the faithful, and indirectly, too, subserving the purposes of their wonderful mission, by upholding lawful authority, by restraining the encroachments of tyranny, by asserting the rights of the people, by mitigating the horrors of war, in the brief campaigns of feudal times, through "the truce of God," or averting its evils by their paternal mediation: at one period the political saviours of Europe, by arming Christendom against the Moslem invasion, more terrible than Attila's, and preventing, by the crusades, the submersion of Western liberty, under the bloody waves of Oriental conquest (d)—at others repairing with liberal hand the ravages of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, by their munificent and unwearied patronage of science and the arts—that church whose saintly recluses, in the calm solitude of the cloister, or "on the wild rocks of the desert sea," amid austerities and devotions that called down the mercy of God on a sinful race, "in iron barbarous times," kept alive the lamp of learning, at the taper which lighted them to the midnight prayer—that church whose comprehensive and exhaustless charity, emulating in her holy orders, her blessed guilds and confraternities, the counsels of her master, "sold all and distributed to the poor," penetrating every receptacle of misery, and every haunt of crime, to console, to succour, and reclaim; from the godlike sacrifice that redeemed the captive from the infidel, by going into voluntary slavery, to that less brilliant but not less saving mercy, which sought out the night-wandering wretches, whom destitution and despair impelled to crime in the streets of the metropolis, and invited them home to an honest supper and a guiltless bed—plunging, with the Bethlehemite, into realms of eternal night, in the mines of Mexico and Peru—or breasting the ever-

lasting frost, amid the blinding snows of St. Bernard and St. Gothard; a charity which erected hospitals where the diseased body might find health or alleviation, and churches where the bread of life should be broken to the sick and languid soul; which multiplied books, before the age of printing, with the restless pen of the attenuated monk, and founded readerships where the treasures of the sacred manuscript might be scattered broad-cast among the people (E)—which built up cities of refuge where innocence might repose secure from the insults of feudal oppression, or the seductions of an insidious world, and sanctuaries to which repentant guilt might flee, to weep with Magdalen at the feet of her Saviour. Yes! he saw the Catholics of England and Ireland suffer for adhering to that “venerable church, whose saints are sages, whose sages are apostles, whose apostles are martyrs, whose princes are the humble!” that “beautiful church, whose poetry is divine, whose music is angelical, whose painting is inspired, whose architecture is inimitable!” the church of the Angelos, the Raffaelles, the Dantes, of Kepler, of Leonardo de Vinci, of Galileo, whose name has for two centuries been but another word for popular delusion, wherever the English language is spoken—and no where else, (F) the church of Bacon, of Copernicus, of Columbus, of the myriads supreme in every department of human excellence whose names I have not breath to tell, of the myriads more, “whose names we know not, but whose works are superhuman in science, in usefulness, in beauty, and in majesty!” The result of such reflections on this illustrious Englishman, was his open return to the communion of Bede and Alcuinus, of Bernard and Francis, of that master and model of the hidden life, whose all but inspired compend of celestial philosophy passes under the name of a Kempis, and of “the crowds that followed them as they did Christ.”

Had we no other evidence of his magnanimity, this, which has gained him from a Protestant historian commendation of his “rare virtue,” would abundantly suffice. It is no light thing to bow the pride of the intellect and the will to even divine authority. It is hard to break the ties of early habits and associations. It is hard to turn in voluntary relegation from the

beaten paths which lead to favor and emolument. It is harder to grieve over the estranged affection, that had been to us as vital air. But when to these, which so often attest the convert's sincerity, were added the fearful trials that awaited Calvert, there is nothing wanting to the transaction, to stamp it the most devoted heroism. For his disqualification for the service of his king, was not the only consequence of his fidelity to, what he believed, his duty to his God. The very act of his reconciliation, with the ancient Church, had exposed him to the sanguinary penalties of treason. The institutions of Catholic Alfred—still our boast and security—existed no more for him. The charters wrung at Runnymede by Catholic courage from iron-handed despotism, or won, by the policy of an archbishop, from the fickle Henry, and maintained, through the fidelity of the spiritual lords to their patriotic engagements with the barons, no longer threw their ample shields around his person or his property. The delicacy of his family might be outraged, at any hour, by domiciliary visits from the lowest emissaries of the law, in search of those endearing memorials of a Saviour's dying love, that Catholic devotion delights to bear upon the person! His goods might be wasted, through extorted bribery for security from insult, or the barefaced pillage of official insolence secure of impunity. The statutes of recusancy might drain with insatiate avidity the last shilling from his exhausted purse; and, while those "great and goodly cities" (6) of learning, which Catholic wisdom had planned, and Catholic charity endowed, the foundations of Bishops, Archbishops and Chancellors—of a Wickham, a Merton, a Stapleton, a Chicheley, and their co-laborers in the holy work of public education, were closed against his offspring, he was denied the wretched privilege of sending them abroad, to receive, without detriment to the belief in which he felt it his duty to train them up, those accomplishments to which their social rank entitled them. It is true that, for the moment, he was sheltered from the penal laws by the protection of his king. But he knew that James, if not cruel by nature, was essentially selfish; that he had crawled to the throne, almost through his mother's blood, by his easy composition with her

murderers; and that he had never hesitated to persecute, when it suited his private profusion (11) or his state policy; and he knew not therefore when—

“ The breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked might blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge him in the flames !”

He retained, however, through the personal influences alluded to, his seat in the privy council, and was advanced to the barren dignity of an Irish peerage.

But the present calm might be delusive, and he wisely cast his eye across the ocean, for refuge from a future storm. He had long been fired with the ardor for planting colonies, that characterised his age; and had gained some theoretic familiarity with those enterprises, through his partnership in the “London Company of Adventurers and Planters.” While Secretary of State, he had obtained a grant of the Southern part of Newfoundland,* “ which he named Avalon, after Avalon in Somersetshire, wherein Glastonbury stands, the first fruits of Christianity in England;” and with equal zeal, prudence, and liberality, he now proceeded to supply it with emigrants. But not content to plan their prosperity in the security of his closet, he would share in person their hardships and dangers; and in his second voyage to his colony, with two ships manned and equipped at his own expense, he defeated three French men of war which had been sent to harass the British fisheries, making sixty prisoners, and liberating upwards of twenty vessels of his countrymen. His correct judgment, however, soon assured him, that the site of his plantation was ill chosen. The parliamentary claim of freedom for the fisheries clashed with his proprietary rights. The vicinity of the French exposed the settlers to continued danger and alarm. The soil was rugged, and the climate ungenial. While, therefore, with characteristic firmness and fidelity, he continued to cherish his colony at Avalon till death, he directed his attention southward, in search of a more propitious abode.

* Biograph. Brit. Calvert.

But the dangers which, from a distance, had warned him to remove from England, met him on the shores of Virginia. Immediately on his arrival there, the oaths of allegiance and supremacy were tendered to him, by order of the assembly. To the first he had no objection; and professed his willingness to take the latter, with such modifications as, without impairing his own truth, should effectually guard the temporal rights of the crown, against all pretended interference on the part of the sovereign pontiff. In vain—the oath had been so framed that no Catholic could conscientiously take it; and the solitary barrier, which, till its removal within the last few years, has sufficed for ages to exclude from honor and trust in England a class of believers who are unthinkingly denounced as regardless of the obligations of an oath, was efficacious to shut out the illustrious wanderer, from the now proverbial hospitality of the “Old Dominion.”

Disappointed here, he turned towards the unoccupied territory, which borders the majestic Chesapeake, to the north of the Potomac. The enterprise of Smith and others had already partially explored it, and disclosed its extent, fertility and beauty. No European settlement had as yet been established there; and the rights of the British crown, as recognised in the international law of Europe, to countries occupied only by savages, had been revested by the cancelling of the old Virginia charter. State policy, therefore, as well as regard for Calvert, whose moderation and sincerity seem to have conciliated universal esteem, dictated compliance with his petition for a grant; of which the terms were left to be adjusted by himself. The charter of Maryland, the undoubted production of his pen, is the fair and lasting monument of his wisdom and his virtues. His military exploit may be lost in the blinding blaze of England’s martial glory; his sacrifices to conviction may be merged in those of her myriad martyrs; but his charter shall endure on our statute book, so long as the blue firmament of the American flag shall sparkle with the brilliant beams of the Maryland star!

Regarded as a fact in political history, this document strikes the superficial reader as almost out of the order of time. Vir-

ginia, it is true, had, after long and vexatious embarrassments, under the grinding terms of her commercial charter, obtained the concession of representative government; and the Puritans on the coast of New England, had, in their neglected isolation, regulated their own affairs from the beginning. But these cases must be regarded rather as the results of accident than design. Acorns from the British oak, cast on a fertile soil, could not but shoot up to sturdiest vigor, unless trodden down at once by the iron heeled vigilance of tyranny.

In the charter of Maryland, on the contrary, we behold a statesman who had been trained in the school of high prerogative, and was now invested by his sovereign with "royal rights," providing with equal forethought for the liberties of his future people, as for his own power. But it must be remembered that he was a British Catholic, converted in a controversy which, like most great moral convulsions, had laid bare the first principles of truth, that had been lost to the political world, under gradual accumulations of power, during the long and desolating wars of the succession; from which the exhausted spirit of the nation had not rebounded, when it was crushed by the heady precipitance of the 8th Henry. His wishes must often have reverted to those glorious days of England, when a Catholic judge* could teach, that "a king is God's deputy no longer than he does what is right, but the minister of the devil when he turns to injustice; that he is king while he reigns well, but a tyrant when he oppresses the people;—that he is *not king* with whom his will and not the law rules." Those truths our fathers learned from nursing Nature, in these western wilds, and promulgated in the declaration of independence to their startled fellow subjects, almost as a new discovery in the science of government, had been explicitly taught by the high born St. Thomas of Aquinum, near six centuries before them; (1) and Calvert was probably imbued with the learning of "the angelic doctor." The principles of civil liberty, diffused throughout the works of the most approved divines of those and yet earlier ages, could not have escaped his penetrating mind. But if on

* Bracton Lib. 3, ch. 9, fol. 107 *a* & *b*. and Lib. 1, ch. 8; fol. 5, *b*.

the contrary they were the spontaneous suggestions of his own heart, or borrowed from his observation of the infant republics of America, how lovely is the benevolence that prompted! how venerable the justice that approved! how admirable the wisdom that adopted them! and, in their adaptation to the exigencies of his future government, how skilfully was liberality tempered with discretion! If the people were to co-operate in the framing of laws, his own rights were guarded, by his participation; without which his property and authority had soon been swept away, by an agrarian vote. If, for emergencies of police, the proprietary might constitute ordinances; they were "not to affect life, member, freehold, goods, or chattels." If he reserved to himself the whole appointing power, and thereby preserved the infant settlement from the demoralising scramble for office, that threatens, in our times, to absorb every consideration of public good, and annihilate public virtue; it was prevented from being abused to the purposes of despotism, by the right of the people, which they well knew how to exercise, to strip office of its attractions, by withholding its emoluments.

This is not a legal disquisition, and an extended analysis of this venerable instrument would be unseasonable. I pass from it with the remark, that it would be difficult to devise one better adapted to the circumstances for which it was framed; and that it may fairly divide, with the virtues of the earlier proprietaries, the merit of the many blessings which have marked the first era of their government, as "the golden age of Maryland." (K)

Death prevented the consummation by Lord Baltimore of the magnificent enterprise he had begun; and the charter intended for himself was perfected in favor of his son Cecilius, the heir of his title, his fortune, his religion, and his virtues.

And now the plantation was to be commenced. The land of Mary, so named at the instance of Henrietta Maria, was to receive, in its sheltered seclusion, the suffering brethren in the faith of the youthful queen. But the exactions of the penal code had so impoverished the Catholics of England and Ireland, from among whom the first emigrants were collected, that it was only at an immense expense, out of his private fortune, which

had, as yet, through causes already alluded to, remained intact, that the proprietary was enabled to equip, under the conduct of his brother, who seems to have been eminently fitted for the trust, an expedition of about two hundred gentlemen, including their domestics. With equal piety and taste, he denominates "the Ark" the stout ship that was to bear this faithful family, from the devastation of the ancient world, with the sacred traditions of primeval times, to the green bosom of a new earth. Her light consort is named "the Dove," and the voyagers prepare to leave their home. Their home! What a tale of sorrow is concentrated in that single word! a sensual utilitarianism had not then subdued the best feelings of the heart, and philosophised the expatriation of a family, down to the cold calculations of expediency that direct the migration of a commercial firm. Their country had trampled and spurned them, but it was reserved for modern times to hear, that "to make us love our country, our country must be lovely." Oh no! such is not the language of truth and nature. We love our country, because it is our country, maugre the malice or misrule of man! God has, for wise purposes, implanted in our bosoms the principle of local attachment. We love, through the blest necessity of loving, ere we can well distinguish good from evil. Like the climbing plants, our affections must cling to something, and they twine around the objects of our early association, with a tenacity that no violence can ever tear away. They may wither through neglect; they may be blighted by unkindness; but the tender grasp of their first luxuriance only stiffens in death. And the Pilgrims of Maryland, what had they to leave! They were mostly, as I have stated, of the well born of the land, honorable through long descent, and the constancy with which themselves had adhered to the faith of their fathers. They and their progenitors had sealed their devotion to it, not always, perhaps, in that physical martyrdom, which rouses manhood, which is sustained by the countenance and prayers of admiring and sympathizing friends, or the proud consciousness that its firmness animates some fainting brother; no! like those unheeded and unpitied martyrs, who bleed and burn in the secret cells of the heart, cut off from all earthly sources of

sympathy and consolation, they had endured in poverty and distress, in contempt and obscurity: but still they failed not—

— “Unshaken, unseduced, unterrify’d
Their constancy they kept, their love, their zeal;
Nor number nor example with them wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change their constant mind!”

And dear to them was the fair land they were to leave, with all its hallowed associations, its old family recollections, its memorials of the friendship strong as death, that had suffered with them, or often, in spite of temptation or prejudice, in spite of laws that interdicted the rites of hospitality, thrown around them the sheltering mantle of Protestant protection! Above all, it was England, with her white cliffs, her verdant meads, her “mossed trees that had outlived the eagle;” her ocean breezes vocal with the language of Chaucer and Spencer, of Dryden and Shakspeare, and “all accomplished Surrey;” the “royal throne” of Alfred, and the sainted Edward; the nursing land of chivalry; of a 3d Edward, of a Black Prince, of the men of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, the Nevilles, the Chandos, the Staffords, the Clifffords, the Spencers, the Talbots—the men who sought the shock of nations as they did the fierce pastime of the tourney;—who bowed in confession, and knelt at Mass, and received their incarnate God, sheathed in the armor that might coffin their corpses ere the sun went down; England, rich in monuments of the free jurisprudence of her early Catholic times—the works of her Bractons, her Brittons, her Fortescues; rich in the monuments of her old Catholic charity—her churches, before which modern imitation sits down abashed and despairing, her cities of colleges, whose scholars once were armies; richer in the virtues of her saints, her Beickets, her Mores, her Fishers, and the countless array whose names though unhonored on earth, are registered in the book of life, and whose blood pleads louder to heaven than the prayers of her Sibthorpes and her Spencers, for the return to Christian unity of the beautiful land it has made holy!

I have been speaking of the English Catholic two hundred years ago; but I need not dilate on the feelings of the Irish

portion of the first emigrants to Maryland. They were but the feelings of the present day, familiar to us all by observation, and, to many of you, have been your own. You like them have looked back from the rolling deck to the green isle of your birth, with eyes mistier with the manly tear, than the blue haze of the ocean. The history of Ireland has ever been the same, since English ascendancy gained foothold on her shores; the same monotonous though frightful tale of relentless oppression and unflinching endurance. But if her children revert to it with grief and indignation, let these be tempered with the proud recollection, that she never submitted to the yoke; that she shook her chains at her tyrants when she could do no more; that, under every device of ingenious cruelty, she kept her religious faith and patriotic devotion; that fire could not burn nor steel bleed them out of her; that compulsory ignorance could not blot their sacred principles from her mind; that flattery could not cajole, nor gold bribe her to renounce them; but that, secure under the paternal vigilance of her sleepless pastors, the unrivalled purity of her youths and maidens has, through the blessing of God on virtuous poverty, salted the earth with her vigorous offspring, sending them forth by armies to plant the cross, to fight the battles of liberty, to irradiate whole hemispheres by their genius, to animate their brethren, in the never ending struggle for their rights, by their own success in more favored lands, till we are at last almost permitted to hope, that the Emerald Isle, whose Montgomery recorded the just claims of America in his blood on the snows of Quebec, whose Edgeworth could undaunted, amid the regicides of Paris, bid the murdered "son of St. Louis ascend to heaven," whose matchless O'Connell has made a magistrate of the English peer—(L) may, at no distant day, enjoy the reward of her long and bloody probation in her own reconquered nationality.

But if the past was gilded to our adventurers, with the sunset gleams of regret, clouds and darkness rested on the future. The perils of the sea, in a rude age of navigation, lay before them. Their path was beset by the pirate and the public enemy. The dangers of the wilderness awaited them in Ame-

rica. They might be swept away by diseases of an unknown climate. Colony after colony had been cut off by the savages in Virginia; and, from their countrymen who had at last gained foothold there, they could anticipate no friendly reception. Yet they embarked with unwavering confidence in Him for whom they suffered, and who had forewarned them "that they should not accomplish all the cities of Israel," till His second coming. They embark, but not alone. The stewards of His mysteries are with them, to animate by counsel, and confirm their strength, with the appointed means of grace—four members of that sacred band, whose footsteps are found in every land that has been trodden by the missionary—the disciples of Loyola, who, with the dauntless courage of their sainted founder, have waged unceasing war with the powers of darkness, for the last three hundred years—those wonderful men, who, accomplishing the apostolic injunction of being "all things to all" for the salvation of souls, are alike at home in the wigwam of the savage, or the palaces of kings, the hardiest of the rude, the most refined among the polished, the most profound among the learned; whose reports of the missions are at once the journals of science, and records of God's dealings with the human soul; who are to-day found exploring the precious manuscripts of the Vatican, and to-morrow on the way to bleed with the martyrs of China, to catechise the boors on the banks of the Niemen, or the Blackfeet on the prairies of the west; at one moment forming youth to learning and virtue in the quiet shades of their academies, and the next leading the crowds of the city, from the dusty walks of business, to the cleansing waters of penance, and reclaiming wanderers to the ancient ways, less by the coercion of a resistless logic, than their simple exhibition of the beauty of holiness!

In happy illustration of that celestial harmony that filled their souls, our wanderers loose their canvass on the anniversary of the day, when the martyred virgin who for fourteen centuries has been honored as the patroness of sacred melody—"the sweet inventress of the vocal frame"—received her crown. With pious care, and in accordance with the beautiful ritual of the Church, they commend their ship to Him, whose power

supplied the failing faith of Peter, as he walked on the waves of Galilee ! Escaped from dangers in the port and channel, they gain the open sea; and for a few bright hours the deceitful element presents a smiling aspect. But the shades of evening are deepened by a rising storm—it increases—their pinnace displays the preconcerted signal of distress, and is suddenly lost to view ! They mourn their companions, with that peculiar grief that is only felt by those who find themselves alone on the waste of waters. But a closer calamity soon engrosses their attention. Their own stout ship is nearly engulfed. The solitary sail she spreads is rent by the fury of the blast; and no longer obedient to the helm, she rolls at the mercy of the waves ! The strongest hearts are shaken ! the mariners avow their danger and their fears ! the exiles betake themselves to prayer, and prepare as for their last confessions ! At this awful crisis Father White bows down before his God, as he artlessly remarks, “with less than his usual tepidity.” He represents the object of his expedition—to honor his Saviour’s blood in the salvation of barbarians ; and as the angel of the Lord stood at night by the shipwrecked Paul, bidding him be of good cheer, so an interior light of present consolation, and assurance against future danger on the voyage, is poured on the soul of this humble herald of the cross. He rises from his knees, and the storm is already abating !

The remainder of the passage was prosperous and tranquil. In the West Indies the voyagers were blessed by the reappearance of their pinnace. A solemn fast of the Infidels had withdrawn their corsairs from the ocean. A Spanish fleet off Bonavista was providentially avoided: and at Barbadoes they narrowly escaped the horrors of a servile insurrection.

The Atlantic at length is passed, and they rest on the placid bosom of “ the mother of waters.”* A brief delay at Point Comfort, where their apprehensions are dispersed by kindly treatment from the planters, conciliated by letters from the king, and they enter the majestic stream that forms our southern boundary. But the shores are lined with armed warriors !

* The meaning of the Indian name Chesapeake, 1 Bosman, 61.

Signal fires blaze on every point, and their portentous arrival is announced throughout the region, with all the exaggerations of savage wonder. They anchor near an island which they name St. Clements, in honor of a "friend of God," whose memory is dear to the Catholic sailor. They select the glorious day, on which the messenger from on high announced the incarnation of her God, to the lowly Hebrew maiden, to show forth the mystery of the Cross to a land that sat in darkness and the shadow of death! Worthy of His presence whose "name is great among the Gentiles," is the temple of their worship! No comparatively pigmy dome, though sprung to the clouds by the genius of an Angelo—but "yon majestic roof fretted with golden fire." No columned marbles but the towering cedar shades their rustic altar, and as their clouding incense rises on the breeze, they kneel upon the virgin sod, before that "clean oblation" that should be "offered from the rising to the going down of the sun."* With pious zeal they had fashioned a memorial of "the world's redeeming wood." Each vies to bear it to its destined site. The Cross is planted!

And now their temporal necessities demand their care; but mindful of the claims of justice, they seek the rulers of the country, to conciliate their friendship, and acquire equitable title to their lands. A change had come over the spirit of the people. They who so late were arrayed with hostile bearing, now greet them with the tokens of amity and the words of peace. The arrow had dropped from the bowstring: they threw aside the tomahawk and spear. "Come back," exclaims the Regent of Patomeack to Father Altham, who had shed on his willing mind a gleam of the light of revelation, "we will eat at one table, my followers shall hunt for you, we will have all things in common!" With ample license from the sovereign of Piscattaway, (M) whose sway was acknowledged by the surrounding tribes, the voyagers retire to the beautiful sheet of water that spreads its calm mirror before us. Its fertile shores were tenanted by a gentle race, whose peaceful habits were fostered by the abundance they drew from the water and the land.

* Malachias i, 11.

The fierce and warlike Susquehannocks had marked them for their prey, and unable to repel their incursions, they had already resolved on a removal, which had partially begun. Hence they readily shared their dwellings with the strangers, and agreed to abandon them entirely, with their cultivated lands, at the close of the following season. Does not this transaction remind you, my friends, of the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people?*—"I sent before you hornets, and I drove them out from their places; not with thy sword or with thy bow; and I gave you a land in which you had not labored: and cities to dwell in which you built not; vineyards and olive yards which you planted not."

But the adventurers came not into the vacant possession with the strong hand of occupancy. They purchased a defined district, for good consideration. Not with the trinkets and finery, with which the credulous savage might find himself, on returning reflection, a splendid beggar. Not with the maddening draught, that would steep his senses in blissful delirium for an hour, and leave him unnerved and despairing to the waking sense of his beastly degradation. Not with the envied implements of European warfare, which, through the accelerated extirpation of the red race by kindred hands, should clear the forest for the steady encroachment of the stranger. No! for the trade of the Calverts, "swords" had been "beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks!" They bargained for the Indian's land, but they multiplied what remained to him, by gifts of the axe and hoe. They narrowed his hunting grounds, but they clothed him with the fabrics of the loom, and dispensed with his garment of skins. And will my separated brethren blame me, if I say, even in the presence of this vast composite assembly,—in which I would not willingly offend the feelings of a single individual—that these just and gentle planters did well to name their virgin settlement from the spotless Mother of "the Prince of Peace?" Was it not well to call this infant seminary of civilization and religion, by the "blessed" name of that "Morning star," whose cloudless beams

* Josue xxiv, 12. 13.

announced the dawning of "the Orient from on high?" that "Gate of Heaven," by which the Lord of glory entered into his guilt-stained creation? that "Ark of the covenant," where reposed not merely the tablets of the Law, but the Author of the Law Himself, not merely the memorial of the typical "table in the wilderness," but the living manna that was to feed the souls of men? that Mother of the incarnate God, from whose pure veins He drew the blood that was to wash away the sins of the world?

This were not the occasion for a detailed history of the first settlers of Maryland, had their forethought, or domestic troubles, left us the materials. But, in truth, the historian would find little in those "Saturnian times," to impart a piquant interest to his narrative. He takes his attractive theme from the crimes or calamities of his race, the march of conquest, or the struggle of faction, the rocking of the earthquake, or the wasting of the pestilence. We might liken the existence of our early planters, to the unambitious life of a good man. They had their cares, their trials, their temptations. Duty sometimes called to the hardships of the campaign or the disputes of the council. Sometimes they were constrained to insist on a principle, and sometimes to punish crime. But their legislative argument grew not to violence, nor did the sun go down on their wrath. True to themselves and others—

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

While their brethren of New England went armed to the corn-field, or were startled from their slumbers by the midnight blaze of their dwellings; while their Sabbath hymns were echoed by the war-whoop, and the widowed matron, escaped from her slaughtered captors, came back with their scalps, to clasp the mangled remains of her children with hands yet reeking with the blood and brains of their murderers (8)—the pilgrim of Maryland and the Indian were sitting in peace together, at the feet of Jesus.

With but one exception, when the intrigues of Clayborne excited the natives to jealousy, their harmony was never interrupted; and then it was speedily restored by firmness and

moderation. The early declaration of the Werowance of Patuxent, strong as it is in the hyperbole of savage eloquence, was but the faithful response of an unsophisticated heart, to the truthful touches of benevolence and justice. "I love," said he, "the English so well, that were they even to go about to kill me, had I breath enough to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death; for I know they would not do it, except through my own fault!"*

And their subsequent intercourse with the aborigines justified his confidence. While their laws prohibited pre-emption by individuals of their rights of occupancy, and thus averted a most copious source of injury to that simple race, our early records abundantly attest, that the Indian title was always extinguished by liberal purchase.(o) The trade with the savages was subjected to legislative regulation, for the prevention of abuses; and the nefarious traffic in arms forbidden by a policy as humane as it was prudent.

"The people of Maryland," says a writer† whose religious prejudices give peculiar value to his testimony in their regard, "have been happy in not being exposed to the incursions and rapines of the outland Indians. They are covered by the neighboring provinces. The opening between the provinces of Virginia and Pennsylvania is very small; anno 1677, the Indians at war with Virginia, by mistake committed some outrages in Maryland. A few years since, the Indians upon reserved lands, principally in the county of Dorchester, east of Chesapeake bay, upon some disgust, seemed to be mutinous; but being sensible of their own inability, that humor soon subsided. Therefore we have no article of their wars with the Indians."

What a mass of testimony have we here, which, though covering a longer period than pertains to the present occasion, proves the benignant system which originated with the pilgrims of Maryland! How broadly are the main facts laid down! how naturally touched the incidental circumstances! "Reserved lands," does not this tell us of "purchase?" "outrages by mistake," "mutinous humor," how different from the exterminating

* McMahon, 196 note.

† Douglas' Summary, vol. ii. p. 359.

league of king Philip! Do you suppose, with this writer, that *the family scene* to which he has introduced us, is really to be ascribed to the land locked security of our early settlers? Did the Indians of that day travel by the railway or the turnpike? or regulate their incursions by maps of the chartered wilderness? I can supply an easier explanation of this rare phenomenon of Anglo-American tranquillity. The red man found a brother in the pale face of Maryland. He found in the Maryland missionary, "the father without a family, but whose children are all mankind." Will you follow him with me, in one of his accustomed expeditions, as described by Father White? A slender store of provision—bread and dried grains of roasted corn, a chest for the sacred utensils and the sacrificial elements, an altar stone, trinkets and useful trifles to conciliate the simple savage, a mat to lie on, and another for shelter from the rain! behold the costly freight of the Jesuit's canoe, in which himself, his interpreter and assistant, labor together at the oar! mark them benighted on their watery way; the priest secures the boat, collects the wood, and prepares the fire for their evening meal, while his companions scour the adjacent forest for game; hear his burst of thanksgiving as he lies down contented in the open air! Listen to his patient discourse with the natives, whose risibility at the blunders of the interpreter can hardly be controlled by their principles of grave decorum! can you wonder that he caught at last the wandering attention of these children of nature? see him now breaking for their hungry souls "the bread that came down from heaven;" and now supplying them, in famine, with "the meat that perisheth."* Do you wonder that they loved the white man?

The same conservative and kindly principles were, in fact, at work in Maryland, that in either hemisphere, despite the atrocities of the first invaders—the cut-throats and robbers—soldiers grown desperate from inaction, or the beggared wrecks of fashionable profligacy—that crowded to the standards of Cortes and Pizzarro, the convicts and vagabonds, swept from prisons and highways, to fill the ranks of colonial adventure,

* Fact from Father White's Narrative.

under Columbus and Cartier, Roberval or Champlain, have still preserved the aborigines of America upon their native seats. Turn to which ever side you please. There, on the one hand, are the Algonquin and the Iroquois kneeling at the graves of their fathers! There, on the other are the Mexican, and the countless tribes that swarm between the Isthmus and Cape Horn! Some of them were conquered by the stranger; others, who eluded his activity, or defied his valor, submitted to the power of the Cross—as the fierce warriors of Quiché subdued by the more than Orphean arts of the Dominican;* or the brutal tribes of Paraguay, softened to humanity, to civilization, to piety, by the meek sufferings of the mangled Jesuits, or the sweet chaunt of their litanies!†

It is true the invader, whether soldier or missionary, could hold no terms with the idol. He dashed down, with unsparing hand, the tiger god, and snatched the human victim from the sacrificial stone! His was not the worldly wisdom that enjoins the police of a Christian power to maintain order at Suttees,‡ that repairs the Pagoda, or supplies it with costly gifts.§ But he was mindful of his master's mandate: “Go, teach all nations!” He studied, with paternal care, the character and tastes of the people; he adopted their innocent usages to the substantial forms of an unchangeable faith; he christianised, and by converting, he civilized them. He rewarded not his convert by disfranchisement from office, like the baptized Hindoo.|| He left not the offspring of the blended races, outcasts from God and man, but he hallowed their union with the blessing of the church! And had his principles obtained more extensively in British America, I will not say that a feebler race could have maintained its integrity, in the midst of the mighty progeny of Adam that possess our land, augmented as they are by perpetual accessions from the European hive; but I will assert that the wretched aborigines would not have been annihilated, (P) or swept away, by the ever advancing tide of white population, towards the western desert that hungers for their bones—their

* Stephen's Central America, 2, 194-5. † History of the Missions of Paraguay.

‡ Heber's Jour. 2, 235. § London Times, Dec. 17th, 1840. || Heber's, 2, 350-1.

very progress in civilization only tempting cupidity the more quickly to dispossess them! and I can venture to surmise, under favor of my fair countrywomen who have graced this occasion by their presence, that the bright soul of many a Pocahontas, would have flashed in the dark eyes of her honored Anglo-Indian descendants!

Our contemplation of those halcyon days of Maryland, presents us less with incidents, than traits of character. The prominent idea suggested to myself, as I review them, is the steady adherence to principle, that marked those primitive men. I see a band of English and Irishmen, far withdrawn from the immediate control of their sovereign, and let loose in a distant forest, where every breeze whispered independence, yet docile to rightful authority, as if they were surrounded with all the machinery of long established government. The proprietary's sway is unsustained by military force, but as quietly submitted to as though it emanated from the popular choice. His people respect his officers, acquiesce under his veto, and neither "squat" on his lands, nor declare his quit-rents a grievance. Do you know any thing like it in the history of the world? Do you believe that a capitalist from one of our cities, who should, at the present day, transport, with their own consent, and at a cost of \$1,000,000, a company of adventurers to an estate in our western wilds, would find them quite as tractable? These were not, however, disciples from the school of "passive obedience," for never did the fathers of Nice resist more pertinaciously that little iota, that would have changed the faith of Christendom, than did these embryo republicans contend for every tittle of their chartered rights. It were amusing to one "who despiseth small things," (and "shall therefore perish little by little,") to watch their protracted controversy with the proprietary, on the right of originating laws. They reported, by their own committees, the very bills they had rejected as of his propounding; but when he dissented from their proceedings, they raised not the vulgar clamor for revolution. There was, in fact, a social compact between them, adhered to with mutual fidelity; and, as in all human institutions, unforeseen difficulties will arise, the proprietary, while he insisted on what he con-

sidered his own rights, with firmness, remitted with commendable liberality what seemed to bear hard on his people; and they, on the other hand, though they resisted, with inextinguishable determination, the slightest appearance of encroachment, were profuse as their necessities would permit, not merely in discharging their lawful obligations, but in voluntary expressions of substantial gratitude.(a)

I have intimated that the age of the Pilgrims was not prolific of incident; but there was one—the crowning glory of the Calverts and of Maryland—the unprecedented legislative declaration of religious liberty! Yet was this no more than the deliberate affirmation of a principle from which their generous practice had never departed. If there be a question on which the spontaneous impulses of the heart, and unprompted dictates of the understanding, are distinct and clear, it is that which regards the right of one man to control the religious belief or practice of another. Yet there is none, perhaps, on which mankind have more habitually erred from justice and humanity. It seems to afford at least one apt illustration, of the brilliant but delusive apophthegm of Rousseau—"when man begins to reason he ceases to feel." Our earliest impressions of Divine intercourse with our race, are derived from the records of a theocracy; in which the sovereign of the universe promulgated his will in no ambiguous terms, and vindicated his violated ordinances, as well by the temporal sword, as by supernatural dispensations. Hence men have often imagined a warrant from on high, to compel obedience to what themselves believed to be their Maker's will! Again—there is a comprehensive class of cases, in which it is of highest obligation to urge our personal convictions on our offspring, by all the sanctions of parental influence and authority; and, by an easy but deceptive analogy, have rulers assumed the keeping of the consciences of those whom they were pleased to consider in a state of pupilage—a principle which has already been insidiously advanced, and sometimes avowed with blundering bigotry, in our own still free and happy country! Yet further, in the beautiful harmony that pervades the moral as well as physical creation, the precepts which determine the relations of the creature to his

Author, are discovered, on the most profound investigation, to be in strictest accordance with his earthly well being; and from this, the depositaries of temporal power have inferred, that, by enforcing what they conceived to be the dictates of religion, they were but promoting the best interests of the state.

Now if to these, which may be recognized as conscientious motives, we add the pride, the ambition, the cupidity, the revenge, the countless evil impulses that prompt the zealot to choke the argument he cannot answer in the dying gasp of his throttled adversary—to shut him out by exile—to degrade him by disfranchisement—to seal his lips by ignorance—to pre-occupy by violence the open mind of youth; if we advert to the king craft, that in every age, and every land, has sought to subsidize the daughter of heaven to the service of earthly tyranny, can you wonder that, for sixteen centuries after our Lord proclaimed, that “his kingdom was not of this world,” no solemn act of government was heard, declaring that men should not be molested for their religious belief, till the principle was proclaimed to an admiring universe, from the sacred spot where we now stand?

It is true, my friends, that, throughout that weary lapse of time, conscience has struggled unremittingly for her rights. The apostles had repelled the injunction to silence, by the simple expostulation: “We cannot but speak of the things that we have seen and heard.” A Tertullian had proclaimed, “it is not of religion to constrain religion.” A council of Toledo had forbidden the use of violence to enforce belief, “because,” say the venerable fathers in their mild decree, “God shows mercy to whom he thinks fit, and hardens whom he chooses.” The Church had defined her doctrines with precision, to meet the ever multiplying distinctions of the innovator, and denounced her spiritual censures against their presumption who should gainsay the decisions of that tribunal, which her Founder had indicated as “the pillar and ground of truth;” but she felt, and has ever groaned under the calamities that ensue from her forced alliance with the state. She knew that it was not till human policy had borne it from its place in Silo, that the ark of God was taken—though in captivity and contempt it could crush the

pride of Dagon, and scourge its conquerors till themselves should clamor for its deliverance! She knew that nine-tenths of the scandals that have wrecked so many souls, were the direct results of that insidious political control, which, under the specious pretext of protection, had clogged her discipline! (n) Yet it was not till her children found themselves beyond the limits of regal prerogative, that they could spread the broad banner of religious liberty to the free winds of this Western world!

Tell me not, in the beautiful fiction of the poet, of the Pilgrims of Massachusetts,

“They left untouched what here they found,
Freedom to worship God!”

Tell me not of the liberal principles of Roger Williams, under whose rule of near half a century at Providence, the Rhode Island ordinance excluded the Catholic from the franchises of his own asylum from Puritan persecution! (s) Tell me not of the charity of Penn, who could rebuke his officers for toleration of the Catholic worship! (t) No, my friends! let us, at least on this auspicious day, at least on this sacred soil of old St. Mary’s—where sectarian prejudice should expire like the serpent on the holy sod of Erin—give utterance to the sentiments of truth and justice, and avow that the professors of that ill understood faith, so much denounced for its supposed intolerance, were the first to practise what others only professed; and that, while the Puritan of the East was persecuting the Catholic, the Churchman, the Antinomian, the Baptist and the harmless Friend—who, if his principles forbade co-operation in certain public offices, never raised the hand of resistance to those who took the legal commutation, and whose chief offence appears to have been, that, despairing to find truth in arbitrary and conflicting expositions of the sacred text, he thought to slake his gasping heart in the direct assuasions of the Holy Ghost; (u) while Winthrop was recording his discontent at the “open setting up of Mass” in Maryland; and the Law-established Church, in Virginia, was wielding the scourge of universal proscription,—the Catholic of Maryland alone was found, to open

wide his door to the sufferer of every persuasion, in the sentiment (and with a kindred fate to her's) which the sweetest, the all but inspired poet of antiquity, has ascribed to the injured Dido—

“ Myself an exile in a world unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own !”

I am free to admit that the act of 1649, was but the opening of the glorious day we have been permitted to see—

“ As when the sun new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams !”

The profession of Christianity was a pre-requisite to its protection, and doctrines fell under its exception, whose professors now rank among the most esteemed and cherished members of the community. (v) Still, to adhere to Milton's splendid imagery, “ darkened so yet shone above them all,” the pilgrims of Maryland! For, as I have hinted already, the act of 1649 was but the legislative promulgation of what they had practised from the beginning; if some of a different faith were participant therein, they had only become so through the liberality of Catholic rulers; and, from the year 1637, the oath of the governor and council had been, “ I will not, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.” (w) The thought had flashed on the minds of men, that truth is safe when free to combat error; and that the legitimate authority of the state is limited, by the point where actions cease to be manifestly prejudicial to its peace—that great idea which, like the glorious luminary already alluded to, after long struggling, since its dawning at St. Mary's, through the mists of prejudice and passion, at length culminates in meridian splendor, over the beautiful prospect displayed throughout this wide spread empire—a people united in all the kind offices of Christian charity and social friendship, in community of interests, in devotion to the fair land of our birth or adoption; differing perhaps in our views of temporal policy, but all seeking alike the general good, and acquiescing with good humor in the general

will—but, in the awful concern of salvation, each obeying unmolested the dictates of that conscience by which alone he shall be judged, when alone he trembles before the footstool of his God: each, to borrow the idea, and in part the expression of a beloved and admired Protestant friend,* free to essay to “dip up the waters of life in his own hand,” “or in the rude shell he finds on the shore,” “or the chrystal cup of reformed episcopacy,” or “the embossed and enchased” consecrated “golden chalice” of the universal church.(x)

It is time this protracted discourse should draw to a close. Mine is not a history, but a tribute to the virtues of the founders of Maryland. I am spared, therefore, the recital of very different transactions, when different principles from theirs obtained the ascendancy.(y) Neither is it my more grateful task to follow your ancient State through her bright career of civil and military fame—the wisdom of her legislation—the ardent spirit of liberty that has ever characterised her people—her prompt and determined stand in resistance to British oppression—her soil unpolluted by the stamps—the deliberate, open, *undisguised* burning of the tea at Annapolis—her early call for a government based on the popular will, when the ties of affection to the parent state had been broken by unkindness—the firmness of her sons, marshalled by a Smallwood, a Williams, a Gist, a Howard, or a Smith, under every aspect of danger, and every form of privation, from the frozen plains of Valley Forge, to the sweltry high hills of Santee—while their bones were whitening every field of revolutionary glory, or her dashing Barney was guiding them to victory on the ocean! The talents—the learning—the patriotism—of her Chases, her Martins, her Dulany, and Pinkneys—or the Wirts and Harpers whom adoption has made her own—these, and the thousand incidents that illustrate them, must be told in better terms than mine.

But there was one, on whose lustrous character even I may venture, with friendship’s privilege, to dwell. I need not name that venerable model of the Christian, patriot, and gentleman,

* The honorable William Hunter, of Rhode Island.

the relative of the first American archbishop, and his associate in the establishment and support of American liberty. I need not name the ardent youth, who, at a time when his religion disfranchised him in his native province, and the keenest arrow of his adversary—his own exclusion from the privileges he asserted for others—was snatched from his Country's quiver, engaged with all the energies of a vigorous and accomplished mind, in successful conflict with the legal dictator of his age, for the violated rights of that very Country. I need not name the man who threw into the scale where the patriots of seventy-six staked “life and fortune and sacred honor,” more brilliant earthly expectations than all perhaps beside him; and who lingered among us, an exemplar of their virtues, till the whole immortal band had passed away. He lived till the controversial title of “first citizen,” by which the early gratitude of his admiring compatriots addressed him, was literally realized. Even he so much his junior, like whom

“ This earth that bears him dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,”

the hero of Cowpens and Eutaw, who nourished with his blood the tree of liberty that Carroll's hand had helped to plant, and who upheld it, with strong arm and unwavering heart, when shaken rudest by the storm of war—the pride of the Maryland line had struck his tent, and gone forth on his march of eternity—and the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence was without a peer.

“ He lived, till age his brow with snows
Had crowned—but, like the Syrian hill,
Amid the waste of life he rose,
And verdure clasped his bosom still.”

May I be pardoned for stating, on such an occasion as this, that it was my privilege to stand beside the dying philanthropist, but a few short hours before his pure and gentle spirit was

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summoned from its crumbling tenement of clay? A valuable legacy had been left to him, in trust for the benevolent purposes of the American Colonization Society; and, though his dissolution was momently expected, and held the community in the most painful and affectionate suspense, it was judged important, from the peculiar circumstances of the bequest, that he should, if possible, execute an assignment to that corporation. The papers were prepared, and with three other gentlemen I hastened to his hospitable mansion. Never can I forget the scene to which we were admitted. There half reclining sat the venerable man, supported by his devoted children. One gently fanned the flickering flame of life, and the other softly wiped away the damps of death that were settling on his brow. The "windows of the soul" had closed forever on a world of vanity; but "the daughters of musick" were still wakeful to the tones of friendship and affection; and memory stood faithful to her jewelled trust, as kindly and courteously he returned the pressure of my hand. I read the deed in tones subdued to the measure of his failing strength. For the last time he traced on paper the sacred sign; and when asked by the notary "do you acknowledge this, sir, for your act and deed?" he answered "yes sir, for the benefit of that Society!" Fitting termination of a life of usefulness and benevolence! May his virtues descend with his honored name!

My friends I have done. But, before I turn from you, let me ask, is the retrospect we have taken an idle day dream, or does it not rather warn us to emulate the Pilgrims in their strict honesty—their sober liberty—their comprehensive charity? It is not in the sunny days of prosperity and hope, when the merits of our ancestors are felt only in the blessings they have left us, that we prove ourselves their sons. The dark hour of distress and danger must decide, whether we inherit their virtues, or are only degenerate wearers of their names. Let us, in the difficulties which surround us, be sustained by the recollection, that ours was known among the old thirteen, as "the Gentleman state"—and must never be degraded. If she be—remember that, as the ecstasy of love divine, has sometimes imprinted on devoted servants of our Saviour, the stigmata of his sacred

position of typical, common, generic, or even dominant, in the community. The species that are dominant in the community are those that are well suited to the environment. These species are well adapted to the environment and are able to compete effectively with other species for resources. The species that are dominant in the community are those that are well suited to the environment. These species are well adapted to the environment and are able to compete effectively with other species for resources. The species that are dominant in the community are those that are well suited to the environment. These species are well adapted to the environment and are able to compete effectively with other species for resources.

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wounds, so will the undying shame of Maryland be “borne and branded” and hiss on the brows, of all her children—

“That holy shame that ne’er forgets
What clear renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when virtue sets,
To show its sunshine had been there !”

But I anticipate no such fatal consummation to a feverish season of delusion and improvidence. Rather will I hope that adversity may visit us with the blessed influences of those wintry winds, which, while they lock with ice our streams and harbors, and wrap our fields in snow, still brush away infection with their rapid wings—

“And brace the nerves, and string the languid arm
And rouse the soul from sloth’s delicious harm.”

Maryland will be true to her high calling—as the consecrated land of the Pilgrims—to do right in defiance of every obstacle and privation! So shall we transmit to our children the dear bought lessons of wisdom, more precious than the fine gold! and as we welcome their “crowding ranks” to her bright skies, her temperate seasons, her towering cities, her fertile plains and verdant mountains, we shall bequeath to them the still more glorious inheritance of her untarnished fame!

Gentlemen of the Philodemic Society! Yours is the honor of having instituted this commemorative festival. To your unmerited partiality am I indebted for the part I have endeavored to sustain in it. You will pardon the imperfect discharge of a duty undertaken in obedience rather to my feelings than my judgment. To you it belongs to exemplify the virtues I have inadequately attempted to pourtray. Set apart by destiny for the high duty of guiding and enlightening your fellow men, many of your illustrious confraternity have already given precedents, which the proudest might rejoice to follow. To such of you as still linger in academic bowers, devoting the blessed “age of admiration” to the contemplation of all that is glorious and good in the history of man, I would say, with the voice of a somewhat more matured experience, you can follow no brighter models than the founders of Maryland. There are many too among her living sons, most worthy of your zealous emulation.

But of two I may speak, with especial reverence, even at the graves of the pilgrims. I will speak of that holy prelate, to whose apostolic admonitions many of us have listened to-day, and who, when thousands of the death-defying sons of Erin stood burning to avenge that unmanly cruelty, whose blackened memorials make men weep for shame, on the ground where Warren fell,—rose up, in the name and with the authority of his Master, and the spirit of those true disciples of his Master who founded Maryland, and said to the Catholics of Boston—“you have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy; but I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.” And I will speak, too, of that pure and spotless descendant, of the first settler on the Patuxent,* who now ministers, with clean hands, at the high altar of our national jurisprudence, alike beloved for the mild radiance of his virtues, as admired for the solar light that forever blazes from his mind; and whose acknowledged rectitude of purpose commands the confidence, even of those who differ from him, on those important questions which divide the human family, but who, without those aids, would still illustrate in his course the “beau ideal” of the Roman poet—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Interritum ferient ruinæ !

With such examples before us, could a generous heart falter in the path of duty? No, my young friends, and, since you permit me to call you so, my respected brethren! Here then, in the presence of the sacred relics of the pilgrims, let us devote our existence to their exact integrity, their steady faith, their watchful public spirit, their boundless benevolence, their Catholic toleration. Let us live like them; and when we are summoned hence, there will be tears and lamentations on earth, and rejoicings and thanksgiving in Heaven!

A. M. D. G.

* Robert Brooke, Esq'r.

Extract from the BALTIMORE SUN of May 13th.

"One of the most pleasing incidents of the celebration, was the singing of an ODE written for the occasion, by George Washington Park Custis, Esq., of Arlington, so well known for high poetic talent. Surrounded by an enthusiastic group, upon the fragrant turf, beneath the sheltering cedars, through which the sun's declining rays streamed with a mellowed lustre, like the still brilliant genius of the veteran bard, and assisted by the rich notes of Mr. Kelly's clarinet, the 'old man eloquent' chanted the praises of 'Mary's fair land,' with a spirit and pathos, that formed a most appropriate *finale* to the interesting ceremonial of this memorable day."

The editor feels that no apology can be requisite, for accompanying the publication of this exquisite *morceau* with a few extracts from the highly prized letter that conveyed it to him.

"*Arlington House, 13th May, 1842.*

"**MY DEAR MR. READ:**

"I have the pleasure to enclose you a copy of the Ode," &c.
&c. * * *

"How happy were some of the coincidences of our most happy pilgrimage, to shew, my dear sir, that there was nothing illiberal or uncharitable about us. As regards my humble tribute to the occasion, the circumstances attending its delivery to the company were indeed unique. A Protestant citizen and a Catholic clergyman are singing together an ode in honor of the Catholic settlement of the colony of Maryland. Being kindly received and encored, a charming and accomplished volunteer appears on the stage: and then the trio consists of the granddaughter of the venerable Carroll, a most respected ecclesiastic of one of the oldest families of the olden days, located near to the interesting scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, and the last male survivor of Washington's domestic family, in the gray haired person of his adopted son. These are singular and touching coincidences, my dear sir, to say the least of them; and are among many others pleasing to memory. I hope that Mrs. Read remarked the bow I made to her; it was old fashioned, partaking of the '*ancien régime*' of the days of Washington. On the mention of Guilford, Cowpens, and Eutaw, to whom could I so properly offer my homage as to the child of him who, Gen. Greene says, was 'as good an officer as the world affords,' and whose brilliant services in the war of the South have caused a never fading halo of glory to surround his memory?" * * * * The celebration should have taken place after the peace of 1783, when we had obtained the invaluable boon of civil and religious liberty, which the Pilgrim forefathers, nearly two centuries before, had implanted in our soil. But 'better late than never.'

"With many a pleasing recollection of our pilgrimage, * * * *

"I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

"GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS."

A N O D E ,

WRITTEN FOR THE

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT ST. MARY'S,
IN 1634, AND THEFirst Proclamation of Civil and Religious Liberty
IN THE NEW WORLD.

By GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS, Esq., of ARLINGTON.

Respectfully inscribed to the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Catholics of Maryland.

AIR—Star spangled banner.

I.

OH bright was the morn, and the spring breeze was sighing
 When proudly there rode, on Potomac's broad wave,
 The barks of the pilgrims, their gay pennons flying ;
 While high on their decks, shone the pious and brave.
 Then their landing began,
 And they bore in their van,
 The ever blest sign of salvation to man.
 They plant it rejoicing, and proclaim the decree,
 That Mary's fair land "be the land of the free!"

II.

This germ in the soil of so genial a clime,
 Soon grew to maturity, bloomed, and flourished ;
 Its fruits are a people to be known to all time,
 As a *people* that liberty planted and nourished.
 And while one shall remain,
 Of that pilgrim train,
 He'll liberty, civil and religious maintain,
 And thus shall fulfil his forefathers' decree,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

III.

When stern was the struggle 'gainst oppression and pow'r ;
 And the patriot disdained his rights to surrender,
 The son of the pilgrim in that trying hour,
 Stood firm 'mong the firmest his country's defender.
 And where glory did shine,
 "The old Maryland line"
 Gathered laurel's unfading its brows to entwine.
 Guilford, Cowpens and Eutaw, confirmed the *decree*,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

* "The old Maryland line—that General Greene compared to the game cock, that would stand cutting."—*Lafayette's Toast at the Cincinnati dinner in Baltimore, in 1824.*

IV.

Where once was a desert, an empire behold,
Where laws, rights, and liberties, have equal dominion.
Where freedom of conscience here planted of old,
Its blessings enjoys 'neath the eagles' broad pinion.
And now heart and hand,
On this time honor'd strand,
Where Freedom her altar first reared in our land ;
We swear to preserve union and liberty,
And Mary's fair land, shall forever be free.

NOTES.

NOTE A. In 1612 "Capt. Argall, on another trading voyage for corn, found means, through the treachery of Japazaw, the then king of the Patowomekes, whom he bribed with a brass kettle, to decoy Pocahontas herself, who was then in that neighborhood, on board of his vessel, and carried her with him to Jamestown, where she was not long afterwards married to Mr. John Rolfe!"

In 1619 a vessel was sent (to Patowomeke) under the command of one Capt. Ward, to trade for corn—but, on his arrival there, "finding that the people there dealt falsely with him, *he took 800 bushels by force!*" About 1622, another trading party, under one Hamar, made league with the king of the Potowomekes, in a plundering expedition against the Nacochtanks, a tribe who were seated on the Maryland side of the Patomack, in what is now Prince George's county, attacked them, and "after a long skirmish with them," killed eighteen of them, and drove the rest out of their town, which they plundered, and took away with them what they wanted, "and spoiled the rest!" Shortly after, one Maslyson, in command of another trading expedition, "having decoyed the king (of the Potowomekes) and his son into his strong house within his fort, set a guard over them, and with the rest of his men sallied out upon the town of the Patowomekes, and most cruelly and unjustifiably "slew thirty or forty men, women and children," the remainder escaping out of the town! He then kidnapped the king, his son, and two more, and conveyed them to Jamestown, whence they were sent back, and ransomed for corn!—2 *Bozman's Maryland*, 567-8.

NOTE B. The following summary of his character from a Protestant work, the *Biographia Britannica*, may not be unacceptable:

"Though he was a Roman Catholic, yet he kept himself sincere and disengaged from all interests; and was the only statesman, that being engaged to a decried party, managed his business with such great respect for all sides, that all who knew him applauded him; and none that had any thing to do with him complained of him. He was a man of great sense, but not obstinate in his sentiments; taking as great pleasure in hearing other's opinions, as in delivering his own. Whilst he was Secretary of State, he carried every night to the king a digested and exact account of affairs, and took the pains to examine himself the letters that were of any consequence. Judge Popham and he agreed in the public design of foreign plantations, but differed in the manner of managing them. The first was for *extirpating* the original heathen inhabitants; the second for *converting* them. The former sent the lewdest people to those places; the latter was for the soberest. The one was for present profit; the other for a reasonable expectation; liking to have but few governors, and those not interested merchants, but unconcerned gentlemen; granting liberties with great caution, and leaving every one to provide for himself by his own industry, and not out of a common stock." What a treat would be the perusal of his "Answer of Tom Telltroth—the practice of princes and the lamentation of the Kirk!"

NOTE C. Nothing could be more instructive than a particular account of the religious houses that were transferred, at the Reformation, to the political personages who were mainly instrumental in forcing that measure upon the English people. Kenelm Digby could not devote his pen to any thing so useful. I will content myself in this note with a few sentences from Mr. Thornton's (a Protestant), "History of Nottinghamshire." Speaking of Newstead Abbey, *now become classical*, as the scene of the sacrilegious revelries, and Satanic musings

of the too gifted Byron, to whose ancestor it was given by Henry VIII., and where, a dog was entombed, with all the honors that taste and genius could bestow on carrion, while monks were exhumed to supply drinking cups with their skulls! he says—"Here calm religion, I had almost said, in times more congenial to the views of its heavenly Author, sweetened the hours of those retired from the world and its vain allurements. Here all that man, in a state of penitence and humility, could wish for, both for his bodily and spiritual comforts, was administered. Here the founder of this holy sanctuary, whose views no doubt were heavenward, poured forth his ejaculations to the throne of grace, for mercy and its prosperity; and here—in such like institutions, not the slightest thing to be considered in this retrospect—the poor, the sick, the maimed, the blind, the fatherless, the widow, and the weary traveller, found at all times a comfortable asylum. Dare we ask—has man been highly benefited by the reformation which gave, in many instances, to a single individual, those revenues which supported the unnumbered of all descriptions of the human kind? Nothing but the affected piety of a profligate prince, surrounded by sycophants, could, as it were, attempt to erase from memory, the names and godlike deeds of the founders of those noble institutions—monuments, till then, of all that was great and noble, either in a religious or architectural point of view?—Let those amongst us, whose ancestors were favored at that innovating period, remember, that their possessions, some have said, are those of plunder: but, using a milder phrase, it may be said, they are not the fruits of rectitude."

NOTE D. "Politically, too, the papacy was the saviour of Europe—for, in all human probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mahommedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, through the pernicious institutions that have every where accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to a united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger."—*Southey's (Protestant) Book of the Church.*

"In the middle ages," says Mons. Ancillon (a Protestant writer of celebrity), "when there existed no social order, the papacy alone, perhaps, saved Europe from entire barbarism; it created a communication between the most distant nations; it was a common centre—a rallying point for isolated states. It was a supreme tribunal raised in the midst of universal anarchy, the decrees of which were sometimes as respectable as they were respected. It prevented and checked the despotism of the Emperors, supplied the want of a political balance, and diminished the defects of the feudal government."

NOTE E. It will surprise many of our Protestant brethren, who have been educated in the belief that the Catholic Church prohibits the use of the Holy Scriptures by the laity, to be told that the Council of Trent, (Session 5th, chapter 1st of the decree on Reformation) expressly provided for the faithful performance of their duty, by the incumbents of the "readerships" alluded to in the text—who, like all other stipendiaries, were often fonder of the emoluments which had been provided by the charity of others, than the service it was designed to secure. "The bishops, archbishops, primates, and other ordinaries, shall constrain and compel them—even by depriving them of their stipends," &c. The whole decree is too long for insertion, but breathes in every line, the most paternal solicitude for the promotion of this salutary object. There are no less than four decrees of the Council on the subject of Holy Scripture—one confirms the recognised Canon of the sacred books and the approved Vulgate (or common) edition. Another provides for the reading thereof at the tables of the Bishops, for the superseding of idle discourse. A third is that cited above, concerning readerships; and a fourth the one on which hinges the whole controversy between the Catholic and Reformed Churches, and which inhibits unauthorised editions and commentaries, and (together with the misapplication of Scripture to profane and scurrilous discourse, superstitious practices, and the like) the rash interpretation thereof, by the private judgment of individuals, in a sense contrary to that in which it has always been received in the Church.

Common sense would seem to indicate the soundness of this rule, seeing how easily ingenious wits can deduce the most opposite conclusions from the same premises—which consideration should lead us to infer, either that God is indifferent between truth and error, or that he has left mankind a more certain rule of faith than “the Scripture interpreted by each man’s private judgment”—were there, in fact, any such system as the last, practically recognised among Christians, who, on the contrary, habitually adopt the creeds of their respective societies, or the expositions of their elected teachers. A respected friend once said to me—“I am not prejudiced, I hope, but I do dislike one thing in your religion—you interdict the Scriptures from children and the ignorant.” I answered him by placing in his hands a letter which I had then recently received from my beloved and venerated friend, Bishop England—of which the concluding paragraph is this: “By all means let William (his godson) read the Bible. I read it at his age (8 or 9) and derived great benefit from so doing.” But the case of that same child affords an apt illustration of the danger of reading it without a careful supervisor, to prevent its being misinterpreted. At the age of 5 or 6, he was set down one day, by his mother and myself, to read the miracle of the raising of the daughter of Jairus—having ended it he exclaimed—“She was not dead—*He* said she was asleep.”

NOTE F. Nothing can illustrate better the extent to which the popular literature of England and her dependencies has been corrupted, than the history of Galileo. It would be impossible to condense the story of his far famed “persecution,” within the reasonable compass of a note. I will merely state for the information of those who may lack leisure or opportunity to look further, that so far from his philosophical opinions having been censured by ecclesiastical authority, they were approved by the popes of his time, who appointed their avowed advocates to eminent professorships, and other dignities—they were also approved by the most learned cardinals and other ecclesiastics. The single point in dispute, between the philosopher and the guardians of sacred doctrine, was his determination to sustain his thesis, not solely by philosophical arguments, but by wresting scripture from its obvious meaning, in reference to subjects of popular apprehension, to the support of abstruse theories, *which were not yet demonstrated*, and might perhaps prove erroneous. He courted a decision on this subject, and, for fifteen years, submitted quietly to the inhibition from blending theology with mathematics. At the end of that period, the pride of authorship again got the better of his judgment, and he published his dialogues, deriding the tribunal to which he had appealed, and loading his benefactor, the ruling pontiff, with insult. For this *contempt of court*, he was committed to the custody of the Inquisition for a few days; but was neither subjected to bodily suffering, nor even close confinement, being permitted to ride out daily. He at length submitted, and was thenceforth at liberty. See this subject admirably treated in the Dublin Review, No. IX.

NOTE G. “I shall always acknowledge with gratitude,” (says the Protestant Dr. Parr) “that chiefly to the literary as well as religious zeal of our papal ancestors, the English universities are indebted for ‘great and goodly cities which we builded not, for vineyards and olive trees which we planted not,’ for statutes and ordinances, which, after the lapse of centuries, and after a succession of mighty changes, both in private and public life, have not ceased to be profitable to learning, morals, and piety; and for means most abundant and efficacious to guide, assist, and encourage our rising youth, in every pursuit which adorns and invigorates the human mind. ‘When we have eaten and are full, let us beware lest we forget’ the wisdom, munificence and generosity of those founders who ‘brought us forth out of the land of Egyptian darkness, and from the house of intellectual bondage.’”

NOTE H. If there is one act in the history of James, more despicably detestable than any other, it was his suddenly demanding the legal fine for recusancy of £20 per lunar month, not only for the future, but for the whole period of the

thirteen months of previous suspension; which, by thus crowding thirteen payments into one, reduced many families of moderate incomes to downright beggary. This could not have fallen short of from \$5000 to \$6000, when we consider the depreciation of money at the present day. But this was not all: he transferred his claims against the more opulent Catholics to favorites among his indigent countrymen, who were authorized to sue in his name!!

NOTE I. Novel as were the principles of the Revolution, as rules of political action, they were by no means new to the friends of humanity. St. Thomas Aquinas had taught, near six centuries before, that "all men are by nature equal"—that "a tyrannical government is not just, because it is not directed to the public good; and on this account, the attempt to overthrow such a government is not sedition"—that "the law, strictly speaking, is directed primarily and principally to the common good; and to decree any thing for the common benefit belongs either to the whole body of the people, or to some one acting in their place. Therefore, to enact a law belongs either to the entire people, or to some public person charged with their care; because, in all things, to whomsoever the end appertains, the choice of the means for its attainment necessarily belongs." Dominic Soto, confessor to Charles V. taught that the authority of rulers was derived from the people, and laid the strength of monarchy in the popular will on which it was founded. "God gave," says he, "to all a power of self preservation and an instinct to repel antagonist powers so as to provide for temporal happiness," &c. It would be easy to multiply such quotations from the most approved writers and influential divines of those and yet earlier ages. Yet so sedulously and successfully has the English and Anglo-American mind been misled and deluded, on this and kindred topics, that we are told, with the solemn gravity of hereditary ignorance, and traditional prejudice, that "in the theories of the crown and the *mitre* man had no rights!!"

NOTE K. The learned Bancroft has fallen into an error, respecting the ninth section of the charter of Maryland. He understands it as conferring a right on all the liegeinen of the king "without distinction of sect or party," to intrude themselves into the colony of Maryland. Nothing could be less accurate. That clause was merely dispensatory, in behalf of emigrants to Maryland, of the jealous policy of the statutes of fugitives, which, through fear of depopulation, prohibited the emigration, without special license from the crown, of all but merchants, great men and their retinue, and soldiers in the service of the king. The error is important, as it would detract from the merit of the early rulers of Maryland, *who possessed undoubted power to regulate the conditions of inhabitaney*, and concentrate all the glory of toleration in one noble heart.

NOTE L. When the great agitator, who is now denounced by English Catholics, first went over on his mighty mission to "pluck the poor from the earth, and the needy from the dunghill; to seat him among the princes of his people"—he was entertained by the Duke of Norfolk, who shewed him his immense estates, his royal parks, his villages, his princely halls, his galleries of pictures, crowded with ancestral effigies—"and now Mr. O'Connell," said the poor premier Duke—"with all this, I cannot be even a magistrate on my own land." "Never mind, my Lord," said O'Connell, "Paddy will make you a magistrate." And this man is now abused for receiving "the rent," not only in England, whose entire aristocracy is founded on hereditary estates, bestowed by the crown for public services—but in our own country, where, from president to tide-waiter, not a word is spoken, not a finger moves, but for "per diem"—not a step is taken but on "mileage;" where every soldier of the revolution I ever knew of, drew the last shilling of his "commutation"—excepting Washington, who rich and childless had to dun the Congress for his personal expenses. How inconsistent the prejudice that would deny O'Connell, who resigned the most lucrative professional business in Ireland for his country's service, not merely the means for sustaining his family, but that without which, in a state of society where respectable appointments are essential to political consideration, he could not achieve the high objects to which he has devoted his existence!

NOTE M. The printed histories record a rather churlish answer from this potentate. "I will not bid you go, nor will I bid you stay, but you may use your own discretion." Father White's narrative is much more creditable to the parties concerned: *imperator, metu posito, celocem concendit, et auditio nostrorum benevolo erga eas gentes animo, facultatem dedit, qua imperii ejus parte vellemus, habitandi.*"

NOTE N. This horrid picture is no fancy sketch. I have read the story in a book of the Indian wars—and a descendant of the "stern matron" was my esteemed classmate at Harvard College.

NOTE O. In that interesting little volume, the "Annals of Annapolis," the estimable and well informed author holds this strong language: "In no instance did the government take from the Aborigines one acre of land without a recompense perfectly satisfactory to them;" p. 64. He quotes the journals of the House of Delegates, 1722, p. 2, "The christian inhabitants purchased great part of the land they at first took up, from the Indians as well as from the Lord Proprietary." "We yet frequently purchase their rights of such lands as we take up, as well as of the Lord Proprietary."

NOTE P. It is difficult to find in the annals of atrocity, any thing more frightful than the destruction of the Pequods—shot down—sabred like sheep—burned like vermin—and this by men so superior in prowess that they fell in the proportion of two to six hundred of their victims! I have handled the monuments of the brave and generous Narragansetts (the hosts of the persecuted Williams), grains of corn charred by the flame that, little more than a century and a half ago, swept off, while the snow lay waist deep on the ground, the last hopes of that gallant people—leaving famine to consume what escaped from musket, fire and sword.

Grimshaw, (a Protestant) speaking of the Plymouth colony, says: "they were frequently employed in skirmishing with the Indians. Let it not, however, be imagined that the latter were the aggressors. The records of the early settlers incontestably prove that the Indians were attacked without provocation."

Hist. U. S. 47.

NOTE Q. Bill of 1633, chap. 36, granted to the Lord Proprietary 5 per cent. on all tobacco except what was shipped to England, Ireland and Virginia. Act of 1641, chap. 5: "The freemen of this Province, out of their desire to return to his Lordship some Testimony of their gratitude for his Lordship's great charge and solicitude in maintaining the Government and protecting the inhabitants, in their Persons, Rights, and Liberties, and to contribute some support towards it, so far as the young and poor estate of the Colony will yet bear, do desire that it be enacted," &c. The grant was of 15 lbs. of Tobacco per poll, and cask, for every inhabitant, male and female, over 12 years of age.

The act of 1649, ch. 9, contained similar expressions, and gave the Proprietary 10s. per hundred, &c.

NOTE R. I have been told by a distinguished prelate, now, alas! no more—that even in Catholic Austria, the Bishops have expressed to him their envy of our free institutions, under which they could assemble in Council, and regulate, by mutual advice, the discipline of their proximate, but through the policy of government, almost insulated dioceses.

NOTE S. The far-famed toleration of R. Williams may be briefly stated thus. A Dissenter from the ruling faith, he naturally claimed freedom of conscience. Pressed by his adversaries with the objection "your principles would lead to the toleration of Papists and Arminians," consistency forced him to claim for them, too, (whereof the Catholic at least was not likely to shew his head there) but he qualified this concession with a proviso that is in the mouth of nearly every bigot in Christendom, "with security of civil peace," which means, I suppose, either that they were to be laid under cautionary restraints; or that they could

not be tolerated if their neighbors would insist on pulling down their houses, and so disturbing the peace. He removed to Rhode Island in 1635. "At Providence," says Chalmers, "for almost half a century, did Williams rule." This would have protracted his patriarchate to 1680 at least. But in 1664, at the first Assembly under the Charter, it was ordained "that all men of competent estates and of civil conversation, Roman Catholics only excepted, shall be admitted freemen, or be chosen colonial officers." *Chalmers*, 276; *Douglass' Summary*, 2d vol. 83—104. See also *Holmes' Annals*, vol. 1, 836, note—where he quotes also *Brit. Dom. in Amer.* b. 2, 252, to which I have not access.

NOTE T. Watson's Annals of Philadelphia give this fact, which is familiar to me; but, not having the book at hand, I am unable to refer to the page. My esteemed and accurate antiquarian friend, B. U. Campbell, Esq. likewise informs me that he read in a volume of Penn's published letters the censure alluded to in the text.

NOTE U. See that masterly work entitled "Lucas's Reasons," addressed by that eminent barrister to the Society of Friends, in explanation of his motives for leaving their communion for that of the Catholic Church; a book of which a most accomplished and intelligent member of the Society of Friends, to whom I gave it, said to me, "it was the very best he ever read."

NOTE V. The indefatigable Bancroft has evinced less than his usual research, on the subject of this act. His first edition contained a singular misstatement respecting the accurate Bacon. In the second edition he retained the note of censure, referring it however to a different alleged omission, as to which he is equally mistaken. A ninth edition contains the original error.

NOTE W. Our view of this "Magna Charta" of Christian liberty would be incomplete without noticing its inhibition from the use of those offensive terms, which so often disgrace religious controversy, even in our own times; and which always impress us with the belief, that the person who employs them has lost his temper in losing his argument. "Persons reproaching any other by the name of Heretic, Schismatic, Idolater, Puritan, Independent, Presbyterian, Popish priest, Jesuit, Jesuited Papist, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anabaptist, Antinomian, Brownist, Roundhead, Separatist, or any other name or term, in a reproachful manner, relating to matters of Religion, were to forfeit 10s. sterling, for each offence, half to the Proprietary and half to the person reproached; and in default of payment to be publicly whipped, and suffer imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, until the offender should ask forgiveness of the party reproached, publicly, in presence of the chief officer or magistrate of the place where the offence was committed."—*Bacon*.

This, however, like the more prominent clause of the act, which ordained that "no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, should be in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her Religion, nor in the free exercise thereof"—was but the legislative sanction of well established practice. An incident related by Bozman, vol. 2, p. 83-4, is conclusive on this point. In 1638 certain Protestant servants, who lodged with one William Lewis, a zealous Catholic, read aloud in his presence, and evidently with an intention to insult him, from some polemical sermons of the times, which affirmed that "the Pope was antichrist, the Jesuits antichristian ministers," &c. —whereupon Lewis retorted with equal indecency and violence, against the author of the book, and Protestant ministers in general, and forbade them to read that book. The servants, thereupon, prepared a petition, which was suspected to be intended for presentation to the Governor of Virginia, as soon as they could procure the signatures of all the Protestant inhabitants to it; though themselves alleged it was meant for the Governor and Council of Maryland. Be this as it may, Lewis gave information of the transaction to Capt. Cornwaleys, who cited the parties before the Court, composed of the Governor, Secretary Lewger and himself, and Lewis was fined 500 lbs. of tobacco "for his ollen-

sive speeches and unseasonable disputations in point of Religion, contrary to a public proclamation to prohibit all such disputes"—what was done to the others is not stated. The founders of Maryland were influenced by that spirit "which is first pure, then peaceable."

NOTE x. It cannot escape the exact observer that there has been an essential difference between persecution by Catholic and Protestant governments. The former sought to repel from their borders teachers whose advent had invariably substituted for the repose of old opinions, popular tumult, subversion of established order, plunder, and sanguinary wars. The latter exerted their power in church and state to destroy that very freedom of opinion in the name of which they had attained it. At this moment, what do we see in our own country? Religious papers, and professed ministers of Christ, exciting the misguided youth of the U. S. to sack the convents and cathedrals of a neighboring nation with which we are at peace! Let good men think on this; and compare also the present transactions in Spain with those of England three centuries ago.

NOTE v. In 1649, a large body of Puritans, who were persecuted in Virginia, arrived in Maryland, and seated themselves on the banks of the Severn. Invited thither by the provincial authorities, as alleged by some, "received and protected" as their own apologist admits—but certainly well aware of the existing order in the province—of the rights of the Proprietary—of his conditions of plantation and the implied contract, on the part of strangers who thus entered his dominions, to adhere to those conditions, they manifested from the beginning a disposition to establish themselves there with the strong hand and an independent jurisdiction. For a considerable space they refused to submit to the Proprietary government, but were eventually induced, by the most conciliatory conduct on the part of the governor, himself a Protestant, to send delegates to the Assembly. From that era we may date the religious troubles of Maryland. Not to encumber this note with too many details, it may suffice to remark, that the Puritans at "Providence," now Annapolis, were in open rebellion to the Proprietary as early as 1655; that they defeated Governor Stone, who, though a Protestant, felt bound to attempt to reduce them—and though a vastly disproportionate number of the Marylanders fell in the action—their conquerors three or four days afterwards butchered four in cold blood, and would have executed several more, including the Governor, but for his popularity with some of their own party, and the intercession of the women!

On the seizure of the government into the hands of the crown, the Protestant religion was established in Maryland—the Province was laid off into parishes, and *all taxables* compelled to contribute to its support.—Act of 1692.

In 1697, on the complaint of a clergyman of the church of England, that the Catholic clergy had, during the prevalence of a raging pestilence in Charles county, been active (as is their undaunted custom every where, when death rides the blast) in tendering their ministry to the sick and dying—the lower house refused, by a majority of voices, to pass a bill "to restrain such presumption"—"for the present"—but unanimously addressed the Governor, requesting him to issue his proclamation, "to restrain such extravagant and presumptuous behaviour."—(Annals of Annapolis, 93-4.) Let an eloquent and liberal Protestant historian of Maryland tell the rest. "Under the act of 1704, ch. 59, "to prevent the growth of Popery within the province," all bishops or priests of the Catholic Church were inhibited, by severe penalties, from saying mass, or exercising the spiritual functions of their office, or endeavoring, in any manner, to persuade the inhabitants of the province to become reconciled to the Church of Rome. Catholics generally were prohibited from engaging in the instruction of youths, and power was given to the Protestant children of Papists, to compel their parents to furnish them a maintenance adequate to their condition in life." McMahon, 244. Another act of this session, however, suspended the operation of those penalties, in the case of priests who should exercise the functions of their office in private houses, whence originated the peculiar structure of the

ancient chapels of Maryland, the church and priest's house being under one roof. These edifices should be preserved, as monuments.

Again McMahon; "Thus the toleration of the Protestant dissenters was fully and finally secured, and thus, in a colony which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, *'the Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of religious intolerance.'*"—Page 246.

"Under the Proprietary government, it was a city of refuge to all who sought shelter from civil or religious oppression. The Catholic here found peace and security, and the non-conforming Protestant came hither, to enjoy, under a Catholic ruler, the toleration denied to him by his Protestant brethren. The enemy of arbitrary prerogative found it here in subjection to the laws; and the friend of civil liberty discovered, in the organization and powers of the provincial assembly, the essential features of a government based upon the people's will. In these respects it then presented a striking contrast, not only to the condition of the mother country, but also to that of most of the sister colonies; but the contrast had now ceased. Maryland was now under a royal government, and its people subject to the restrictions of an established church. To the Catholic it offered nothing but disqualification and penalties; and to the non-conforming Protestant, it now gave no privileges, which he could not enjoy in England, under the system of Protestant toleration established by the revolution."—273.

"The government of Maryland thus became, and continued until the revolution, exclusively Protestant; and the Catholics were taxed to sustain a religion and a government, to which they were emphatically strangers."—Page 281.

"This system of disqualifications" (established by act of 1716, ch. 5) "was carried still further by the act of 1718, ch. 1st. All professing Catholics were rendered incapable of voting, unless they qualified themselves by taking the several test oaths, and making the declaration" (against transubstantiation) "prescribed by the act of 1716, and all judges of elections were empowered to tender these oaths and declaration, to any person suspected to be a papist, or popishly inclined; and upon his refusal thus to qualify, they might reject his vote. These were the mere *legal* disqualifications of the Catholics; but they fell short of the actual oppressions practised upon them, during many periods of this era. When laws degrade, individuals learn to practice wanton outrage. The former stigmatise, the latter catch its spirit, and make its example an excuse for oppression. Hence the personal animosity of the Protestants against the Catholics of Maryland, was at one period carried to such an extent, that, as we are informed, the latter were even excluded from social intercourse with the former; were not permitted to walk in front of the State House; and were actually obliged to wear swords for their personal protection." (Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.) McMahon, 281, note.

"In 1735, Governor Sharpe, in a letter to the Proprietary, then a Protestant, says: 'I think it my duty to assure your Lordship, that nothing has been further from my inclination than to countenance, or give encouragement to, persons of that persuasion. Nor has there, to my knowledge, been any given them by any persons in authority under me, but, on the contrary, extraordinary burthens have been lately laid on them, particularly by an Act of Assembly that was made in May, 1736, whereby all landholders of the Romish faith are obliged to pay, by way of land tax, twice as much as the rest of your Lordship's tenants who are Protestants.' * * * The people who first settled in this province were, for the most part, Roman Catholics; and, although every other sect was tolerated, *a majority of the inhabitants continued papists till the revolution.* * * * But notwithstanding Her Majesty thought fit to allow the papists in Maryland the free exercise of their religion," (in private families) "they were not permitted to sit in either house of assembly, to vote at the election of representatives, to act as magistrates, or to enjoy any place of public trust or profit, nor have they been since suffered. And to this, I presume, it must be principally attributed, that *although half the province were Roman Catholics, about sixty years ago, the people of that religion do not, at present, make a thirteenth part of the inhabitants.*" Annals of Annapolis, 95.

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